Buds & Blossoms

For the Little Ones

By

Emma Pitt

Baltimore, Md.

Price, - 25 Cents.

~~Fa[illegible]~~

~~John Fette~~

[illegible] Meyer

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Lillie Stirl

Hilda [illegible]

Pearl Fette

Marian Stone Mission [illegible]

Mary [illegible] Mission

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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS

FOR THE LITTLE ONES

A SONG BOOK

FOR INFANT CLASSES

OF

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

BY

EMMA PITT

PUBLISHED BY

EMMA PITT

BALTIMORE, MD.

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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

EMMA PITT. *"They that seek me early shall find me."* H. W. PORTER.

1

1. { Buds and blos - soms fresh with beau - ty, Dew-drops nes - tle on the
   { Lil - y fair of snow - y white-ness, (*Omit.*)
2. { Make us buds of pre - cious pro - mise, We will ear - ly seek Thy
   { Give us thirs - ty "Buds and Blos-soms" (*Omit.*)
3. { Hearts of love and songs of prais - es, We will greet Thee, Sav-iour,
   { These shall be the dai - ly trib - utes (*Omit.*)

2 CHORUS.

rose. Rich - ly in earth's gar - den grows. Buds and blos-soms full of
face. Dewdrops of Thy heav'n-ly grace.
King. E'en the small - est child can bring.

fra-grance, Lov-ing hearts to Thee we bring, We would with the love-liest

gar - lands Deck the al - tar of our King.

WE ARE LITTLE SOWERS.

G. W. L. G. W. LYON, by per.

1. We are lit - tle sow - ers, Sow-ing ev - 'ry day, Seeds of good and e - vil,
2. We are lit - tle sow - ers, In the field of sin May we sow for Je - sus,
3. We are lit - tle sow - ers,—Let us strive to sow Seeds of love and kindness

All a - long our way; Sow-ing on the mountains, In the fer - tile plain,
And some broth-er win From the fields of dark - ness, Back in - to the light,
Ev - 'ry where we go! If we are but faith - ful In the work we do.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing, sow - ing,

Sow-ing by the way-side, Good and e - vil grain. Sowing, sowing, yes we're sowing,
Ere the shadows com-eth That be - tok - en night,
Christ, at last will crown us With the good and true.

Sow-ing ev - 'ry day, Seeds of good and e - vil, All a - long the way.

TELL ME ALL ABOUT JESUS.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." — Mark 5: 19.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. ED. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Tell me all a-bout Je-sus, Who came from heav'n a-bove;
2. Tell me all a-bout Je-sus, The Lamb of Cal-va-ry;
3. Tell me all a-bout Je-sus, Who dai-ly cares for me;
4. Tell me all a-bout Je-sus, Re-peat the sto-ry o'er;

Tell me more of His good-ness, More of His pre-cious love.
Tell me more of His mer-cy, More of His grace to me.
Tell me why He shoud love me, Why He should die for me.
Nev-er shall I grow wea-ry, Hear-ing- it more and more.

CHORUS.

Tell me all a-bout Je-sus; Tell me that I may know
The sto-ry of the Sav-iour, Who loves, who loves me so.

WHAT CAN WE CHILDREN BRING?

"Give me thine heart."

M. C. P. PRESTON GOWERS.

1. The wise may bring their learning, The rich may bring their wealth, And
2. We'll bring Him hearts that love Him, We'll bring Him songs of praise, And

some may bring their great-ness, And some bring strength and health.
young souls meek-ly striv-ing To walk in ho-ly ways.

We too would bring our treas-ures, To of-fer to the King, We
And bet-ter are these treas-ures, To of-fer to the King, Than

have no wealth or learn-ing, What can we chil-dren bring?
rich-est gifts with-out them, And these a child may bring.

BEAUTIFUL THE LITTLE HANDS

"Whosoever shall give these little ones a cup of cold water only, shall in no wise lose his reward."—Matthew x: 42.

T. CORBEN, D.D. BISHOP W. JOHNS.

Cheerful.

1. Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle hands That ful - fill the Lord's commands;
2. All the lit - tle hands were made Je - sus' pre - cious cause to aid;
3. All the lit - tle lips should pray To the Sav - iour ev - 'ry day;
4. What your lit - tle hands can do, That the Lord in - tends for you;

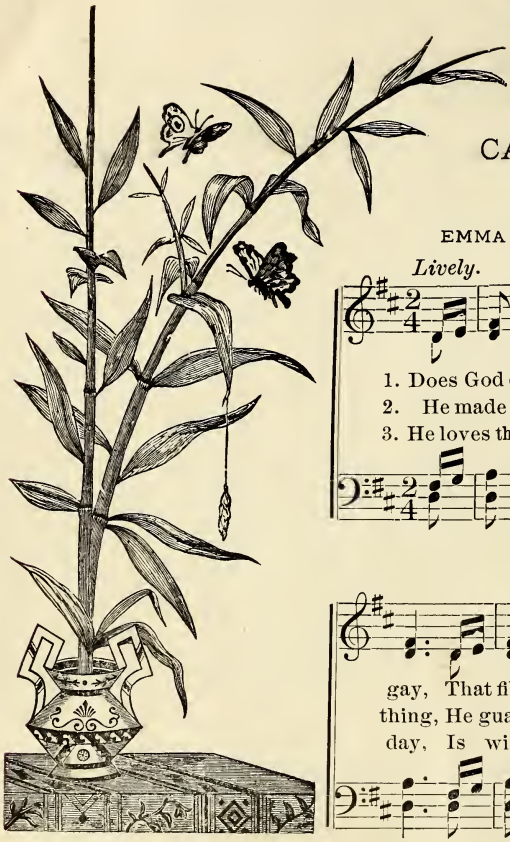
Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle eyes Kin - dled with light from the skies.
All the lit - tle hearts to beat Warm in His ser - vice so sweet.
All the lit - tle feet should go Swift on His er - rands be - low.
Make that thing your first de-light; Do it to Him with your might.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle hands, That ful - fill the Lord's commands;

Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.

From "Gospel Bells," by per.



DOES GOD CARE FOR THE BIRDIE?

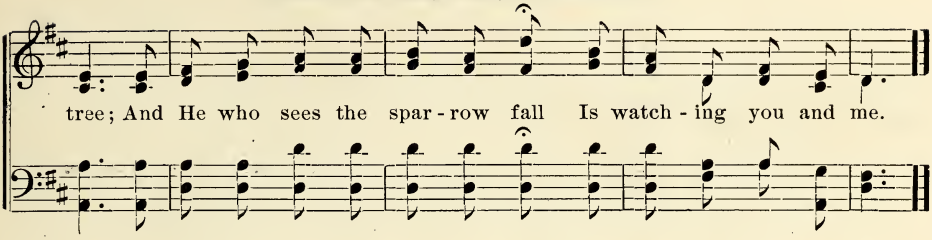
"Thou God seest me."

EMMA PITT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Lively.

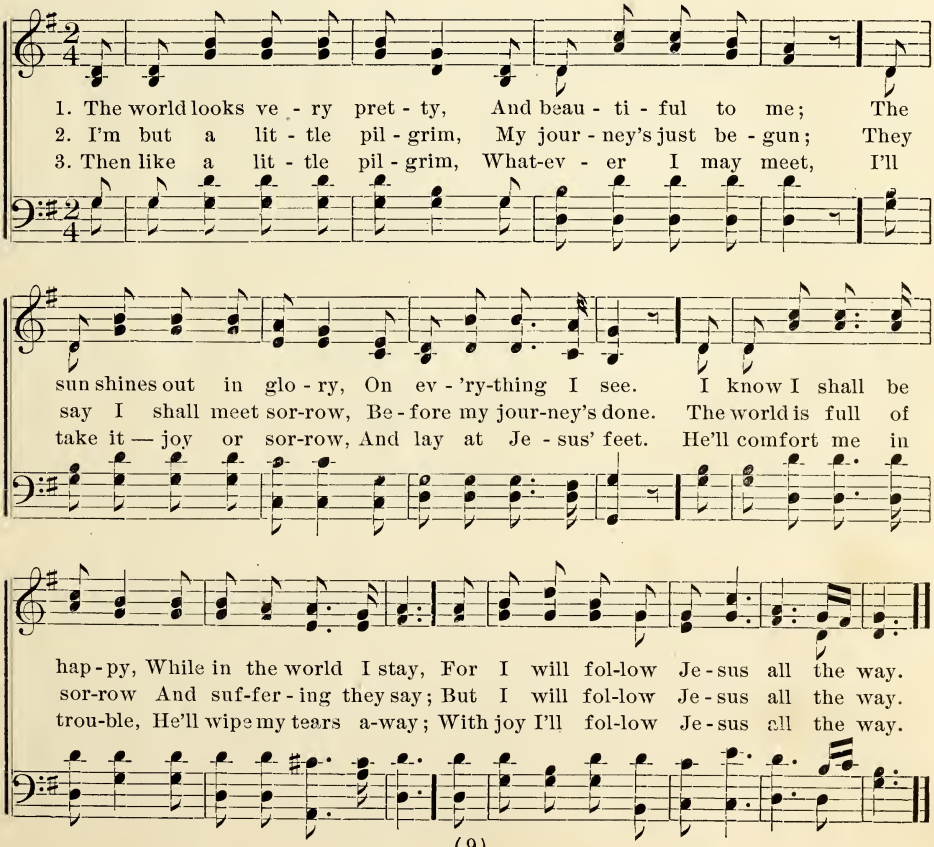
1. Does God care for the birdie With its plumage light and gay, That fills the air with sweetest songs In the love-ly summer day? God cares for ev-'ry bird-ie, That flits from tree to
2. He made the face of Na-ture, Is with ev'ry liv-ing thing, He guards the whole crea-ted world And the birds up-on the wing.
3. He loves the helpless children, For He guards them day by day, Is with us ev-'ry bus-y hour, And is with us in our play.

CHORUS.



THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



I'LL WORK FOR JESUS.

EMMA PITT. EMMA PITT.

1. What have I ev - er done for Je - sus, Who did so much to res - cue me? With
2. With cords of ten-der love He drew me, While deep in wretchedness I lay, Oh,
3. From sin's dark slumber He a-roused me, Up - on the rock He placed my feet, His
4. Then let me ev-er work for Je - sus, This friend so lov-ing and so true, Point

His own arm He brought sal-va - tion, With His own blood He set me free.
for His bound-less love and mer - cy, I'll speak His good-ness ev' - ry day.
own new song of love He gave me, To Him a - lone are prais - es meet.
sin - ners to their dear Re-deem - er, My home e - ter - nal keep in view.

CHORUS.

I'll work for Je sus, I'll work for Je - sus, Work for Je - sus till I die;

I'll work for Je - sus, I'll work for Je - sus, Then I'll reign with Him on high.

From "Gospel Light."

ARE YOU SOWING THE SEEDS OF MERCY?

EMMA PITT. *"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."* T. F. SEWARD.

1. Are you sow - ing the seeds of mer-cy, Fel - low pilgrim! day by day?
2. Are you sow - ing in life's bright morning Seeds you e'er would wish to reap?
4. Are you sow - ing the seeds of kindness, Bring-ing forth the golden grain?

CHO. *Are you sow - ing the seeds of mer - cy, Fel - low pil-grim! day by day?*

FINE.

Are you help-ing to point the sin-ner To the true and on - ly way?
Trust-ing un - to the Lord till evening All this precious seed to keep?
Are you tell-ing in words so ten-der Of the Lamb for sin-ners slain?

Are you help-ing to point the sin - ner To the true and on - ly way?

Are you sow-ing be - side all wa-ters? What are you sow-ing, sowing to-day?
Haste! the field ev - en now is read - y: What are you sow-ing, sowing to-day?
Soon the harvest will all be gathered: What are you sow-ing, sowing to-day?

D.C.

Deeds of kind-ness a warm heart proving? What are you sowing, sow-ing to - day?
Soon the time will be gone for - ev - er: What are you sowing, sow-ing to - day?
Hear the voice of the Mas-ter, say - ing, "What are you sowing, sow-ing to - day?"

"Spiritual Songs, by per."

STARS FOR THE CROWN.

"Stars in the crown of rejoicing."

EMMA PITT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sprightly.

1. God made the star, the love - ly star, That peeps beneath the sky; We
2. There gems shall shine as stars so bright In our Re-deemer's crown, When
3. We'll take the poor and need - y ones, Tell them of Je - sus' love, And

love the hand that makes them beam From His bright home on high.
we shall reach our home on high, And by His side sit down.
try to win them for His own, To serve our Lord a - bove.

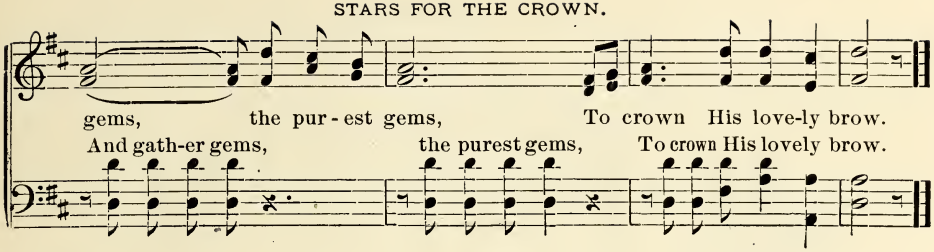
CHORUS.*

We'll be the stars, ... the pret - ty stars, ...
We'll be the stars, the pret-ty stars,

To shine for Je - - - - sus now; And gath - er
To shine for Je - sus now;

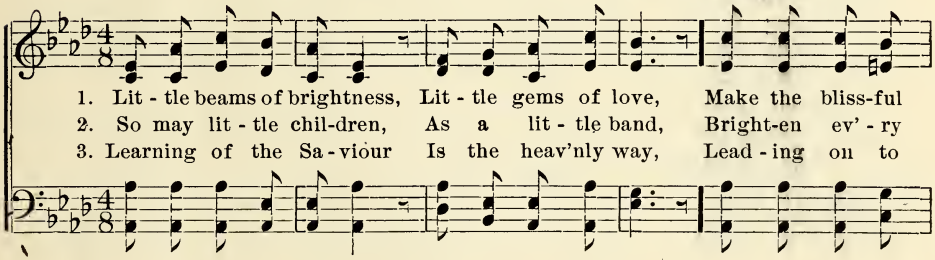
* Teachers can take these under notes in chorus, (or they can be omitted, if too difficult).

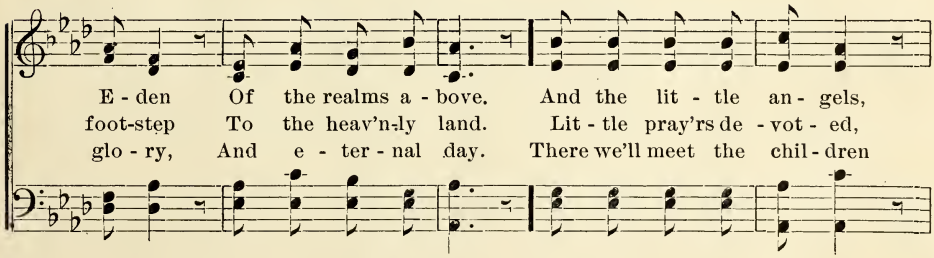
STARS FOR THE CROWN.

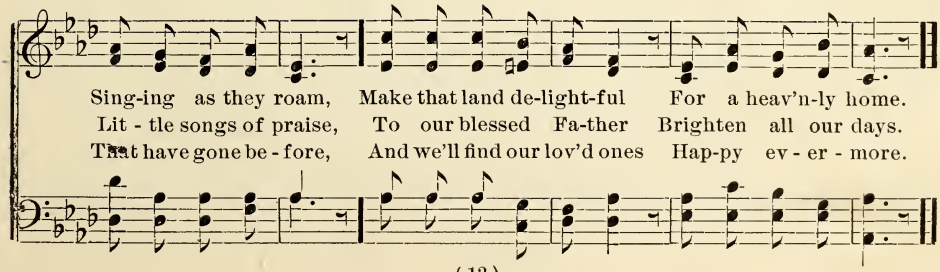


LITTLE CHILDREN'S SONG.

A. J. SHOWALTER.







TENDER FLOWERS.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches."

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Lit - tle flow - ers, ten-der flow - ers, Flow - ers fresh and bright are we; Bloom - ing in the Sav-iour's gar - den, Pure and spot - less we would be.
2. Snow-white dai - sies, love-ly dai - sies, Turn their fac - es to the light; Help us, prec - ious Sav-iour, help us, Ev - er turn towards the right.
3. Love - ly ros - es, fresh and bloom-ing, How we dear - ly love them too; We, like them, will lift our fac - es, For thy sun - light, warm and true.

TENDER FLOWERS.

CHORUS.

Love-ly flow-ers, bloom-ing flow-ers, Fresh and fair we love to be;

Bloom-ing in the Sav-iour's gar-den, Ten-der lit-tle plants are we.

SOMERVILLE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Dear Je-sus, ev-er at my side, How lov-ing must Thou be,
2. I can-not feel Thee touch my hand, With pres-sure light and mild,
3. But I have felt Thee in my thoughts, Re-buk-ing sin for me,
4. And when, dear Sav-iour, I kneel down Morn-ing and night to prayer,

To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit-tle child like me.
To check me as my moth-er did When I was but a child.
And when my heart loves God, I know The sweet-ness is from Thee.
Some-thing there is with-in my heart Which tells me Thou art there.

HE WILL SMILE ON ME.

"Cause thy face to shine upon us."

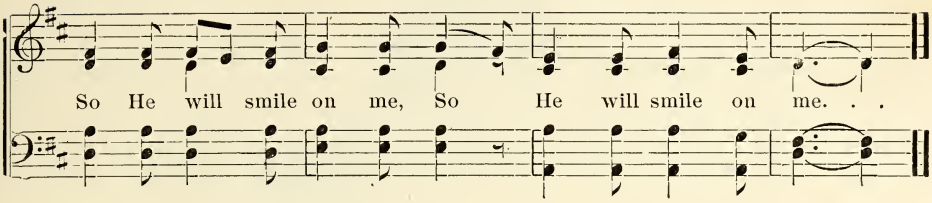
EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

1. A ten - der child be-neath the sun, I must pray, I must pray; Tho'
2. A lit - tle leaf up - on the tree, I will grow, I will grow; Wave
3. The an - gels yon - der in the sky, How they praise, how they praise; Yet

I am young and ver - y small, Still I love to pray.
in the soft wind mer - ri - ly, . . So I still will grow.
God can hear His lit - tle one, So I love to praise.

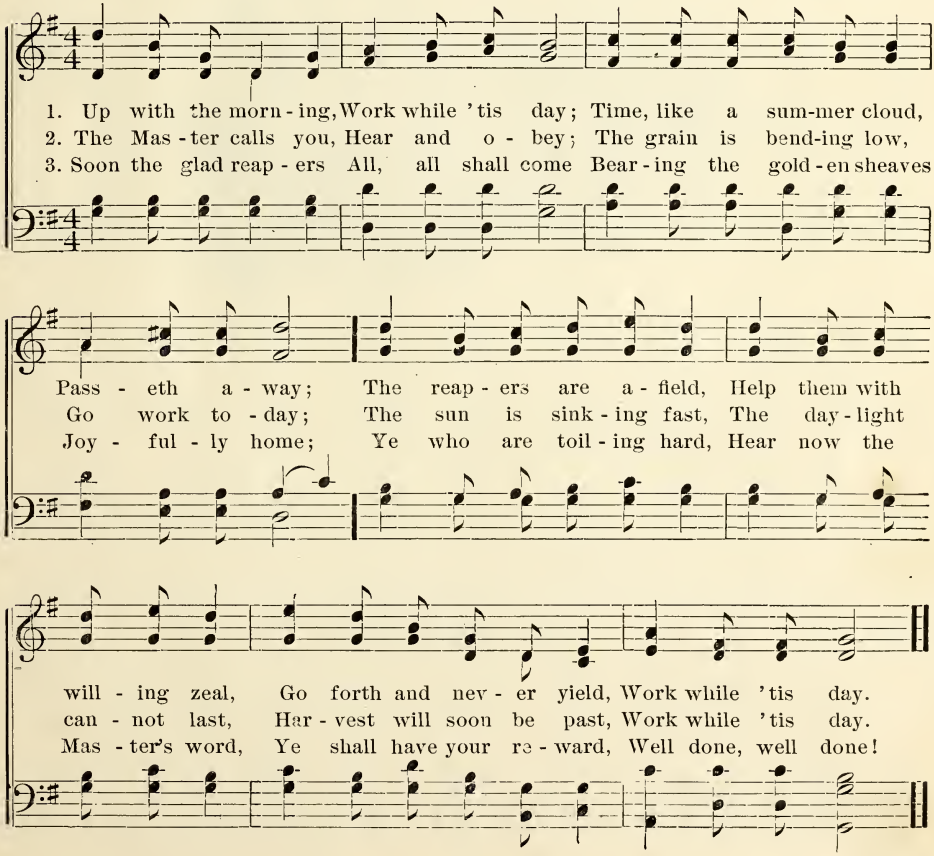
CHORUS.

Tho' I so lit - tle un - der-stand, Yet by my Sav - iour's side I'll stand.



WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.

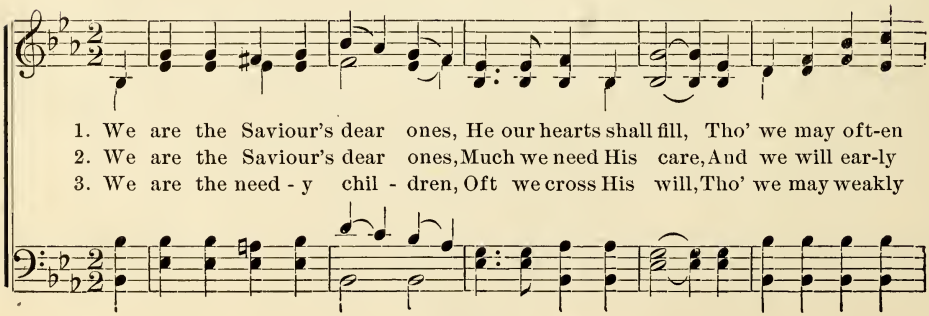
G. W. L. G. W. LYON, by per.



THE SAVIOUR'S DEAR ONES.

"We love him because he first loved us."

EMMA PITT. PRESTON GOWERS.



THE SAVIOUR'S DEAR ONES.

f CHORUS.

grieve Him, Yet He loves us still. This is what we want to know, Why the Saviour
seek Him, Seek His face in pray'r.
serve Him, Yet He loves us still.

loves us so, We so weak and full of sin, Yet He kind-ly takes us in.

RECITATION.

For two little girls.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL.

I have no frankincense, no myrrh,
I have no spice, no oil,
But here are snowy *roses*, Christ,
Without a stain or soil,
O fairest Lord, for *Thy* dear sake,
My roses take.

SECOND LITTLE GIRL.

I have no silver and no gem,
No virgin gold for Thee,
But here are *lilies*, white as light
And sweet with purity,
O fairest Lord, for *Thy* dear sake,
My lilies take.

RECITATION.

1 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

2 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

MARCHING ONWARD.

"In my father's house are many mansions."

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

Moderato.

1. We're a band of hap - py chil - dren As we come un - to Thee, And we glad - ly of - fer prais - es For Thy love full and free.
2. We will praise Thee, glad - ly praise Thee, As we sing un - to Thee, If we fol - low Christ our lead - er We shall then hap - py be.
3. We're a band of hap - py chil - dren As we sing of Thy love, We are march-ing, glad - ly march-ing To our bright home a - bove.

CHORUS.

March - ing on - ward, still on - ward, With glad prais - es we come, We're a band of Thy chil - dren Brightly march - ing home.

IF BUT A FEW.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

EMMA PITT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. We are young and ver - y help-less, 'Tis not much that we can do,
2. Lov - ing words and acts of kind-ness Fill our lives with some good deed,
3. Work-ing ev - er for the Mas - ter, In our fee - ble way 'tis true,

Yet we'll la - bor true and faith-ful Gath-'ring sheaves, if but a few.
Send the Bi - ble to the heath-en, Scat - ter thus the gold - en seed.
Yet the Sav-iour will re - ceive them Children's sheaves, if but a few.

CHORUS.

Will - ing hands and hearts in earn-est, Striv - ing some good deed to do,

We will gar - ner for the Mas-ter, Gath'ring sheaves, if but a few.

MAY DAY SONG.

"The time of the singing of the birds has come."

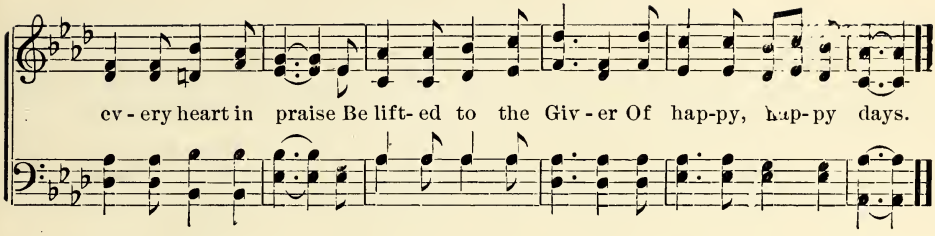
E. E. REXFORD. W. A. OGDEN.

1. O sing a song for May day, All hail the hap-py morn, Our hearts are light for in them What hap - py tho'ts are born. We see the fra - grant flow - ers, God scat - ters in our way, The world is bright with sunshine, All hail the mer - ry May.

2. O sing a song for May day, A - gain the spring is here, So, when life's win - ter's end - ed Heav'n's springtime will ap - pear. O, in that hap - py coun - try, God grant we all may sing A song that's sweeter, gladder, Where Christ is crown'd the king.

CHORUS.

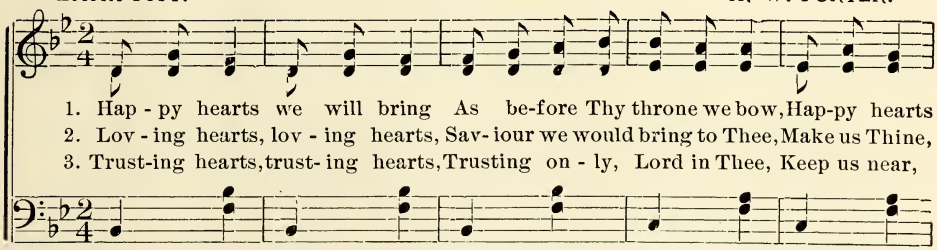
O welcome, mer - ry May day, Let May day,

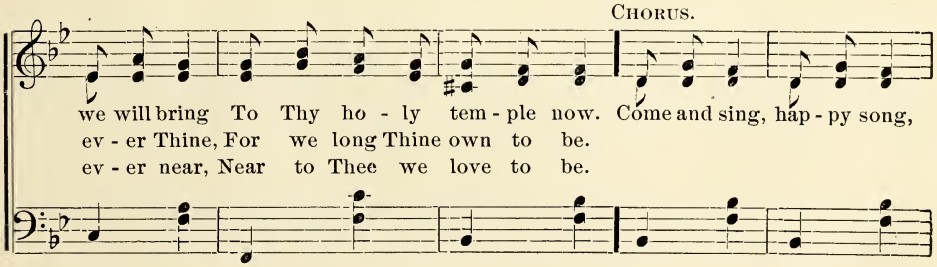


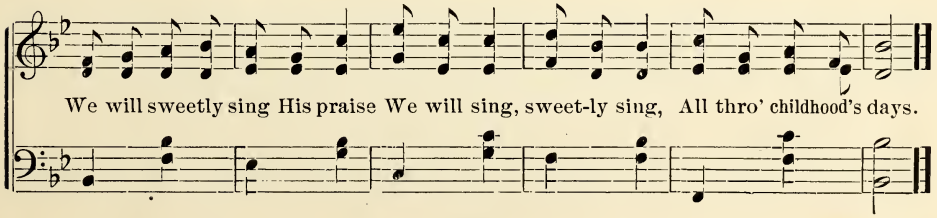
HAPPY HEARTS.

" The Lord is in his holy temple."

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.







ONLY A TINY HANDFUL.

"Despise not the day of small things."

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

Moderato.

1. On - ly a ti - ny hand - ful, Yet use - ful in its way;
2. On - ly a ti - ny dew - drop Will help the thirs - ty bird.
3. On - ly a ti - ny rose - bud, Gives hon - ey to the bee.
4. On - ly a sin - gle pen - ny, Giv'n free - ly from each hand;

Min-utes are small and quick - ly fly, Yet they help to make a day.
Deeds of our life may tri - fling seem, But some wea - ry heart is cheer'd.
Words kind - ly spok - en may seem but small, But they help both you and me.
Add - ed to more that oth - ers give, Will help the hea - then land.

CHORUS.

If 't is on-ly a ti - ny handful, Just a ti - ny handful; We'll gather what the reap - er leaves. By faith-ful working ev - 'ry day We'll have some honest sheaves.

FRUIT BEARERS.

"Herein is my father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

EMMA PITT. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Fruit bear - ers in Thy king - dom, Dear Mas-ter we would be;
2. Un - to the Lord be glo - ry, That we at last may stand
3. Dear Sav - iour, guard Thy chil - dren, Such ten-der branch-es we,

Thou art the vine, dear Sav - iour, But ten - der branches we.
The vines of His own plant - ing, Safe at His own right hand.
That we in Thine own vine - yard, May bear good fruit for Thee.

CHORUS.

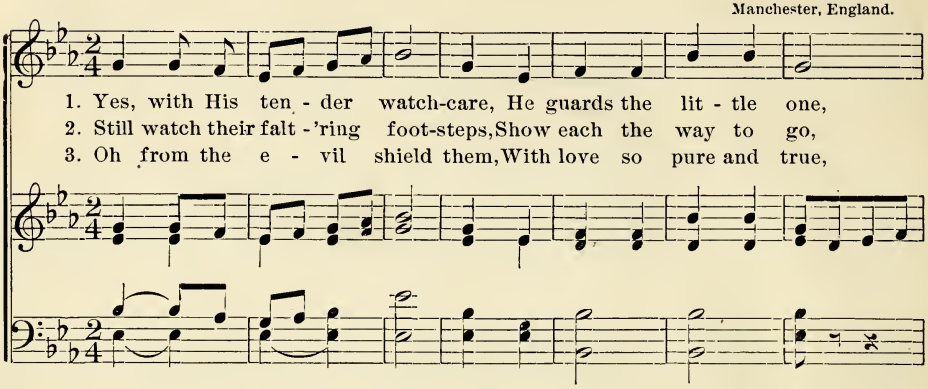
Bear-ing the fruit for Je - sus, To glo - ri - fy our King; In -

to Thy bless-ed store - house Help us much fruit to bring.

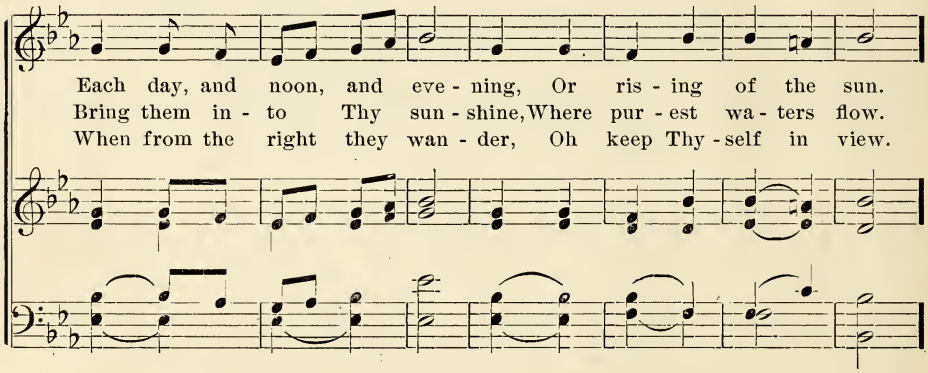
HE GUARDS THE LITTLE ONE.

"Fear not, little flock."

EMMA PITT. SAMUEL CAPPER.
Manchester, England.

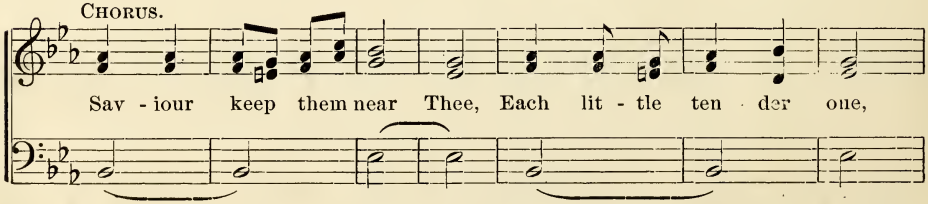


1. Yes, with His ten - der watch-care, He guards the lit - tle one,
2. Still watch their falt - 'ring foot-steps, Show each the way to go,
3. Oh from the e - vil shield them, With love so pure and true,



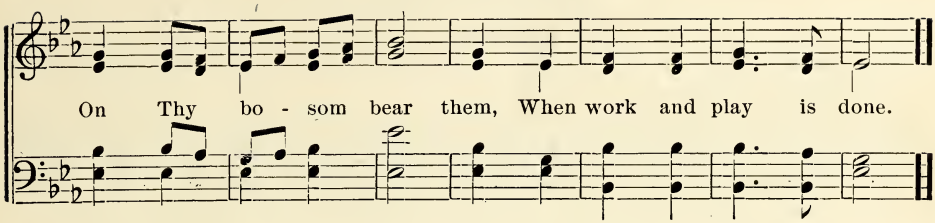
Each day, and noon, and eve - ning, Or ris - ing of the sun.
Bring them in - to Thy sun - shine, Where pur - est wa - ters flow.
When from the right they wan - der, Oh keep Thy - self in view.

CHORUS.



Sav - iour keep them near Thee, Each lit - tle ten - der one,

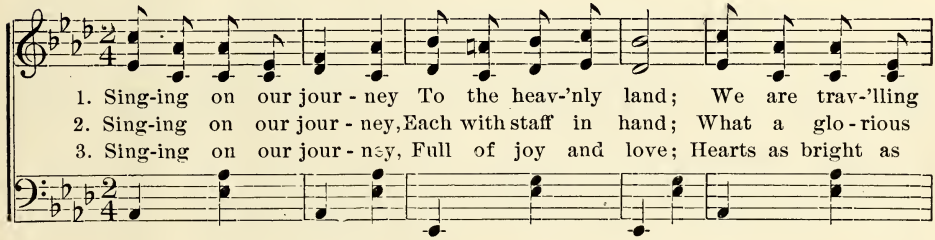
From "Infant Songs" by per.

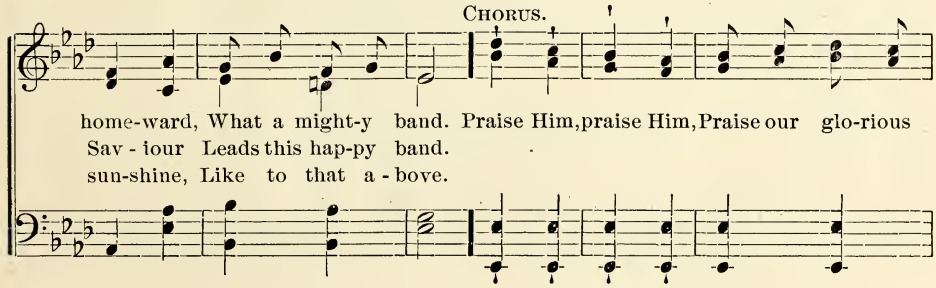


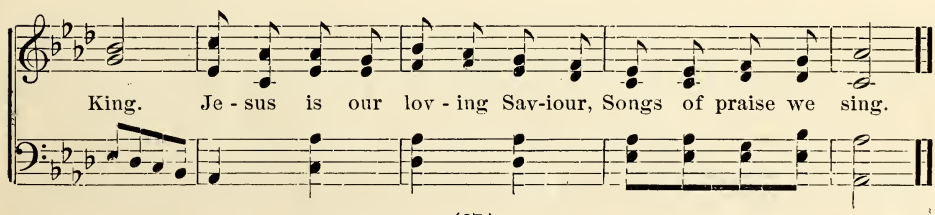
TRAVELLING HOMEWARD.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.







SPRING SONG.

"The flowers appear upon the earth."

EMMA PITT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sprightly.

1. The birds are sing-ing sweet-ly now, From out their nests in clo - ver; The
2. The childhood days are days of joy, And youth the time of sing - ing; Our
3. The flow'rs are blooming brightly too, All na - ture now re - joic - es, So

earth is full of joy and love, All the wide world o - ver.
Sav-iour's praise should be the song, Joy - ful notes be ring - ing.
we will join the bird and flow'r With happy, cheer - ful voic - es.

CHORUS.

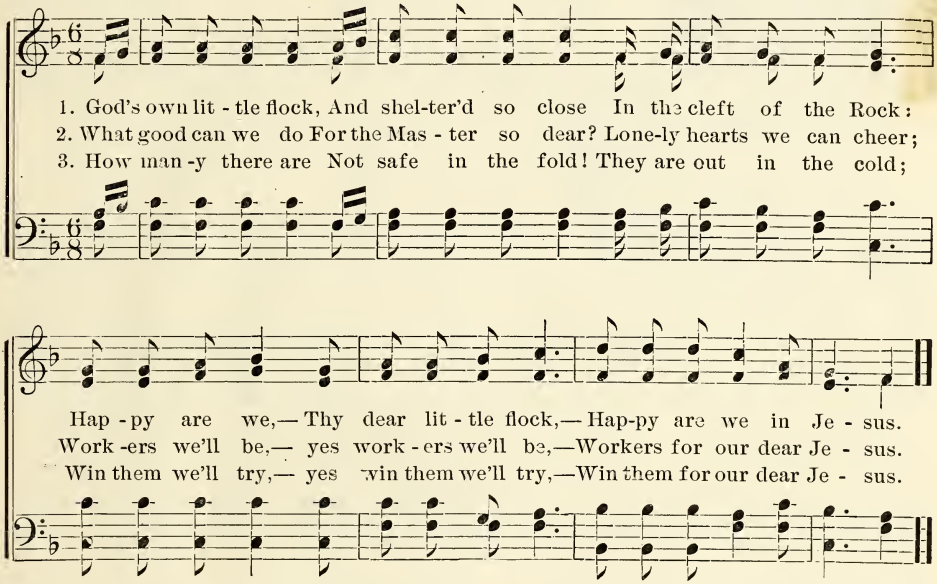
The spring-time is a time of joy, But ev - 'ry heart's a

rov - er; And lit - tle folks must all be good, All the wide world o - ver.

HAPPY ARE WE.

"He is my rock and fortress."

SELECTED. CHAS. EDW. FOLLOCK.



DIALOGUE IN SONG.

FIRST VOICE.

Ye pretty twinkling stars that shine
  Above my head so high,
If I had but a pair of wings
  I'd join you in the sky.

FIRST VOICE.

Does anybody say "be still"
  When you would run or play?
Does anybody hinder you
  When you would have your way?

SECOND VOICE.

If you will listen unto me
  I'll tell you what is best,
Just be content with what you are
  And leave to God the rest.

SECOND VOICE.

We have a Father, little boy,
  Who guides us on our way,
We never question when He speaks,
  We listen and obey.

LOVING HEARTS.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

B. F. B. B. F. BROWN.

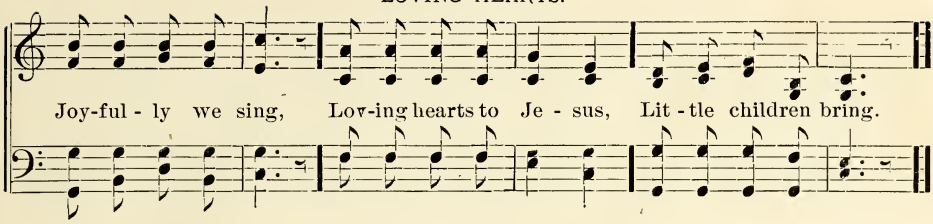
1. We are hap - py child - dren,
2. Sto - ries of the Shep - herds,
3. While the star - land show - ers
4. Prais - es to the Sav - iour

Full of joy to know That the Saviour loves us, For He tells us so;
Of the star - lit sky, Of the an - gels sing - ing Praise to God on high;
Diamonds in the sky, Ho - ly an - gels watching Guard from dan - ger nigh;
Joy - ful - ly we sing, And we love to tell that Je - sus is our King;

In the ho - ly Bi - ble; How our hearts are stirred By its won-drous
Sto-ries of the Sav - iour, Of His life be - low, How He died to
So when gold-en sun - beams Robe the new - born day, All our foot - steps
By the crys-tal riv - er, Lov - ing - ly He waits, Till our Fa - ther

sto - ries, Sweet-est ev - er heard. Prais - es to the Sav - iour,
save us, For He loved us so.
guid - ing, Je - sus leads the way.
calls us Through the pearl - y gates.

LOVING HEARTS.

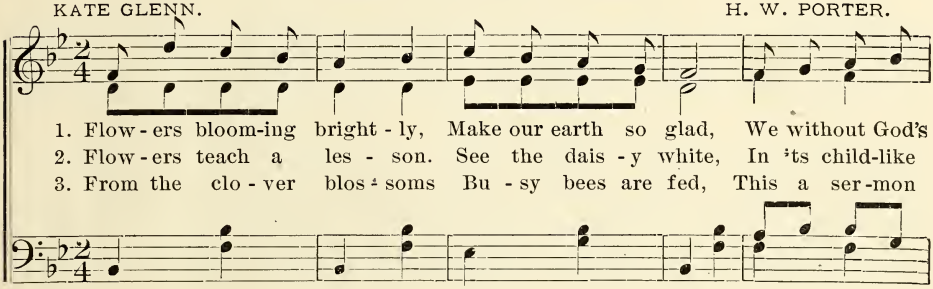


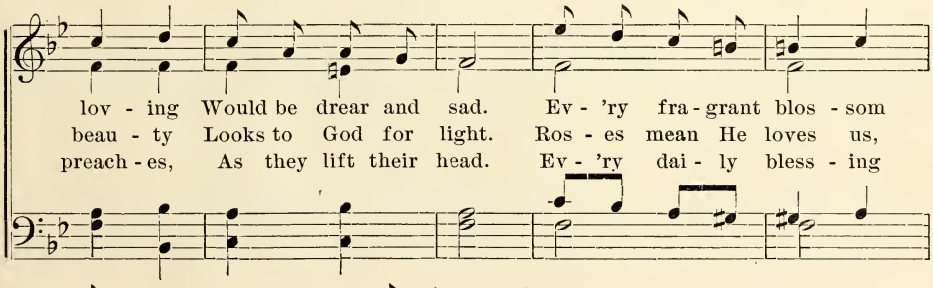
GOD IS LOVE.

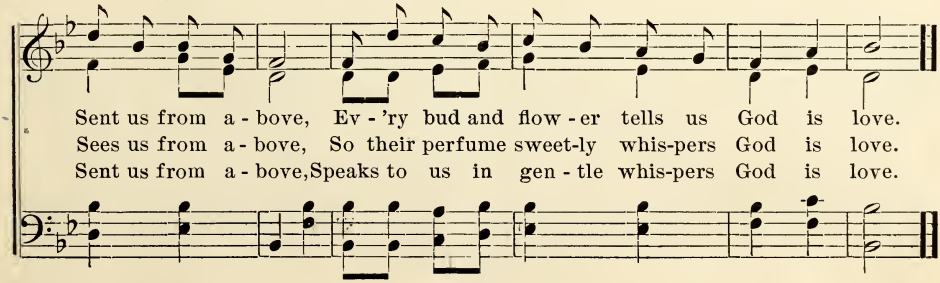
FLOWER SONG.

"Every good and perfect gift cometh from above."

KATE GLENN. H. W. PORTER.







OUR LITTLE DEEDS.

"In the morning sow thy seed."

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

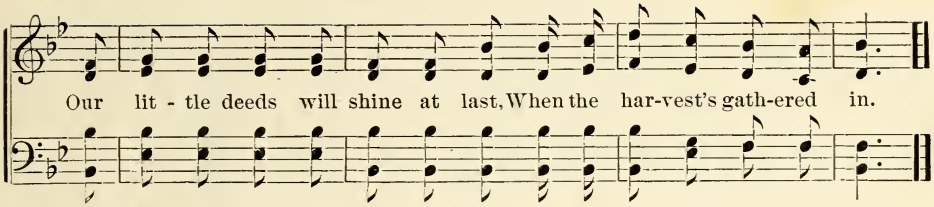
1. How can our lit - tle help, we say, En - rich the Sav-iour's field?
2. The ti - ny clus-ter'd di-amond points A - round a cen - tral gem;
3. The wheat must ver - y slow - ly fill, And ri - pen grain by grain;

The Lord can mul - ti - ply the seed, And make a - bun - dant yield.
Our lit - tle deeds will shine at last In Je - sus' di - a - dem.
So if we work for Je - sus here, It will not be in vain.

CHORUS.

Our lit - tle deeds will shine, Our lit - tle deeds will shine,

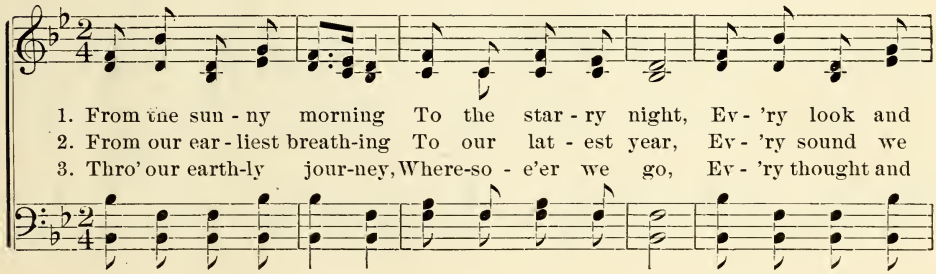
OUR LITTLE DEEDS.



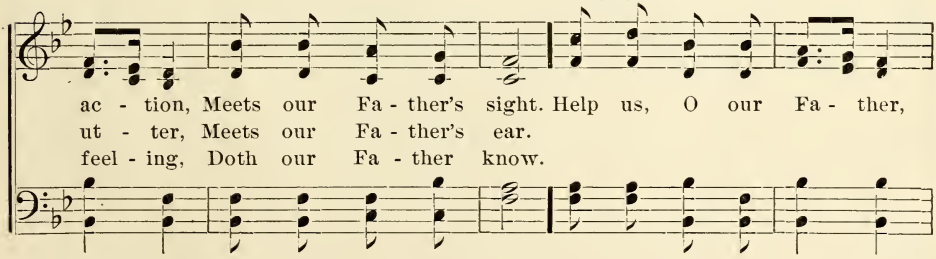
OUR FATHER.

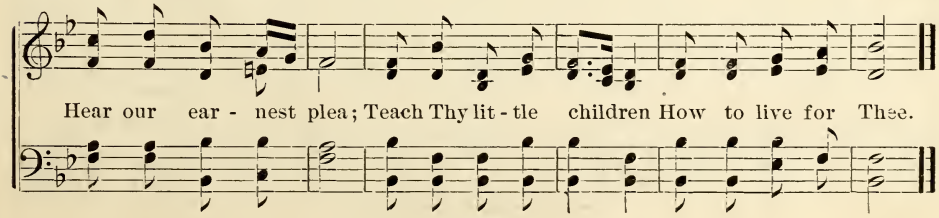
"Thou God seest me."

S. W. B. J. H. ROSECRANS.



CHORUS.





LITTLE LIGHTS FOR GOD ARE WE.

"Let your light so shine before men, etc."

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Lit - tle lights for God are we, Shin - ing hap - py, bright and free,
2. Je - sus sees us ev - ery day, In our work, or in our play,

Je - sus bids us all take care, That some one our light may share;
He is ev - er by our side, From Him noth - ing can we hide;

Some-times pret - ty lips will pout, Then the ti - ny light goes out,
When we from all an - ger turn, Then our lit - tle lights will burn,

We are weak, and thus we pray, Sav - iour, keep us day by day.
We are weak, and thus we pray, Sav - iour, keep us day by day.

From "Infant Songs," by per.

LITTLE LIGHTS FOR GOD ARE WE.

CHORUS.

Lit - tle lights of God are we, May we ev - er shine for Thee,

Sav - iour, bless each ti - ny star, Light - ing oth - ers from a - far.

SHINING DEW-DROPS.

*

1. See the shin - ing dew - drops, On the flow - ers strew'd;
2. See the morn - ing sun - beams, Light - ing up the wood;
3. Hear the moun - tain stream - let, In the sol - i - tude;

Prov - ing as they spar - kle, God is ev - er good.
Si - lent - ly pro - claim - ing, God is ev - er good.
With its rip - ples say - ing, God is ev - er good.

CHRISTMAS JOYS.

(WITH BELLS.)

MRS. D. C. DOANE. E. KARL.

Sprightly.

1. How sweet-ly smiles the Christ-mas light, Ring the bells! Ring the bells! Let ev-'ry heart be glad and bright, Ring the Ring the bells! Ring the bells!
2. Sing out the mes-sage once a-gain, Ring the bells! Ring the bells! 'Tis "peace on earth, good-will to men," Ring the Ring the bells! Ring the bells!
3. Yet once a-gain we meet in love, Ring the bells! Ring the bells! Sing praises to our Lord a-bove, Ring the Ring the bells! Ring the bells!

Dis-pel all gloom and ban-ish fear, For Ring the bells! Ring the bells!
Ring out the an-them to the sky, Of Ring the bells! Ring the bells!
Yet once a-gain we hear the chime That Ring the bells! Ring the bells!

Christ-mas joys once more are here,
glo-ry be to God on high,
peals in joy our Christ-mas time,
} Ring the bells! Ring the Ring the bells!

Bells!

bells! Ring the mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells, ring the bells!

Ring the bells!

THE CHILDREN FAR AWAY.

"Thy word is a light to my path."

SELECTED. H. W. PORTER.

1. In lands full of dark-ness, A - cross the blue wave, Are man - y dear
2. In lands full of dark-ness, Way o - ver the sea, For light they are
3. No kind Chris-tian par - ents To teach them the way, To tell them of

CHORUS.

chil - dren The Lord died to save. We'll send them the Bi - ble, The
plead - ing That shines here so free.
Je - sus, Or teach them to pray.

dear, bless - ed Bi - ble, We'll send them the Bi - ble, The children a - way.

A CROWN OF JEWELS.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown."

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

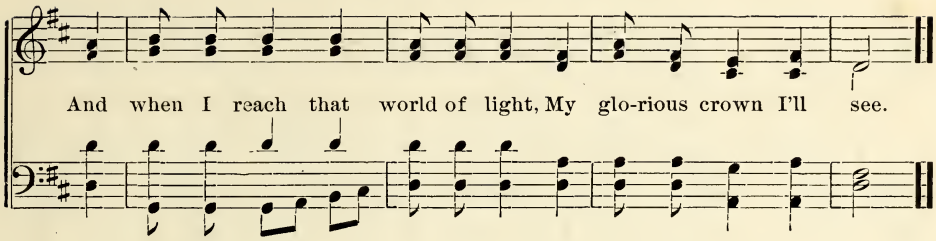
1. I have a crown of jew-els bright, My Sav-iour bought for me, And
2. My pre-cious Sav-iour shed His blood, To pur-chase life for me, By
3. Oh when from sin and death I'm free, I'll greet my heav'n-ly King, When

when I reach that world of light, His bless-ed face I'll see.
faith I view that crim-son flood, Which flows from Cal-va-ry.
with the ran-somed I shall be, E-ter-nal love I'll sing.

CHORUS.

A gold-en crown, A precious crown, My Sav-iour has for me.

From "Infant Songs," by per.

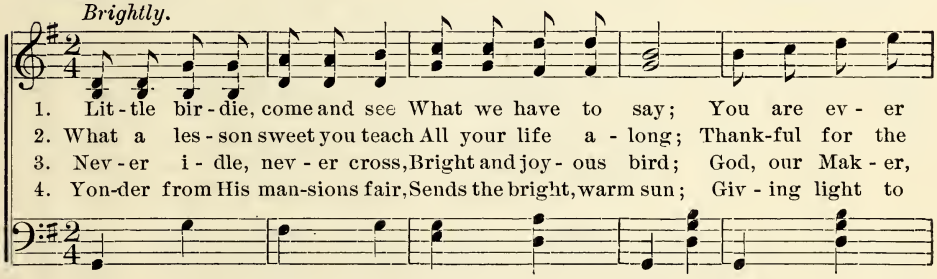


WE WILL JOIN THE BIRDIES' SONG.

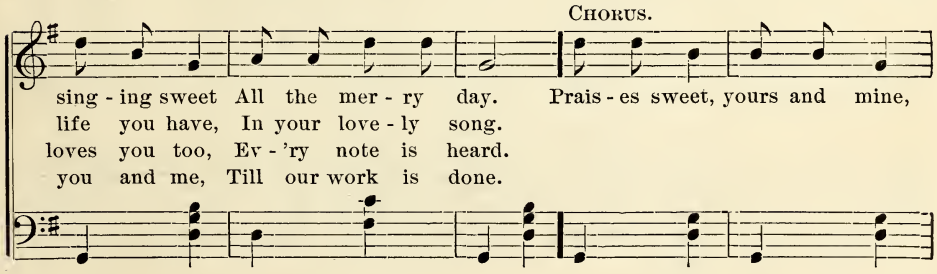
" Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

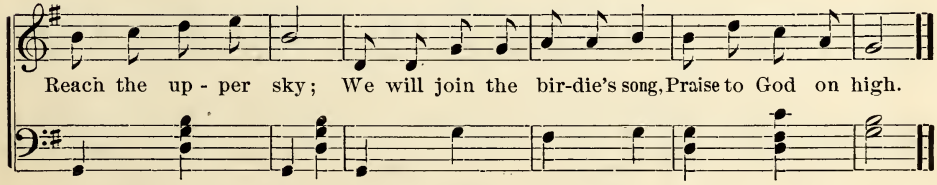
EMMA PITT. EMMA PITT.

Brightly.



CHORUS.





BRIGHT LITTLE STAR.

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

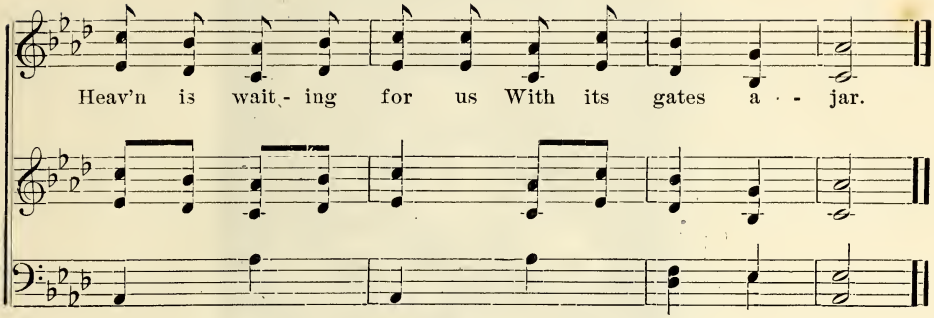
1. Bright lit - tle star, Shin - ing in the sky, Twin - kle, twin - kle
2. Sweet lit - tle star, Pure as an - gels eyes, Fair - er we shall
3. When Je - sus gives Us a robe of white, As the stars we'll

on, In your home on high, Twin - kle, twin - kle on, In your
be, When we reach the skies, Fair - er we shall be, When we
shine Ev - er, ev - er bright, As the stars we'll shine Ev - er

CHORUS.

home on high. Sweet-ly we will shine Bright - er than the star,
reach the skies.
ev - er bright.

BRIGHT LITTLE STAR.



RECITATION.

O, where is thy home, lovely flower, I said,
As I brushed off the dew from its petals fair.
"My home," said the rose, with a blush of red,
"My home you will find where love makes my bed,
And watches with care: it is there, ever there."

O, where is thy home, happy warbler, pray tell?
With the sweetest of songs, and plumage so fair;
"My home," sang the Gold Finch, "is in yonder dell,
Where the oak's swaying branches protect me so well,
And my nestlings fair: it is there, ever there."

O, where is thy home? I asked a sweet child,
With eyes of the blue, and soft golden hair.
"My home is wid mamma, I'se mamma's own child,"
Lisped the sweet little one in reply, as she smiled,
"Wid my mamma, you know, yite there, over there."

RECITATION.

Who'll make the brandy-peaches,
Or brandy-flavored pie,
And help the liquor traffic?
Not I.

Who wants in time of sickness
A little ale to try,
Or beer or wine to poison?
Not I.

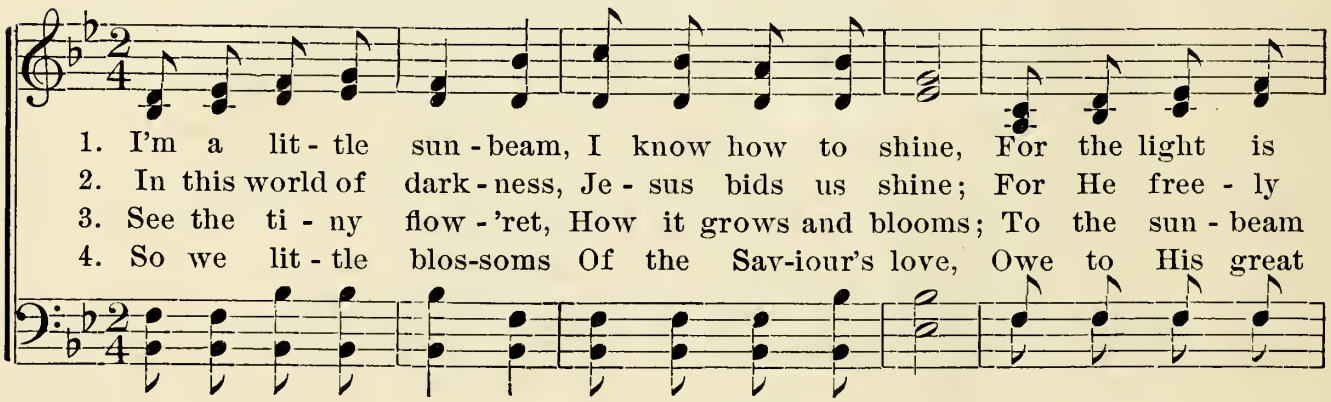
Who likes a boy that tipples
A little on the sly,
Or smokes cigars in private?
Not I.

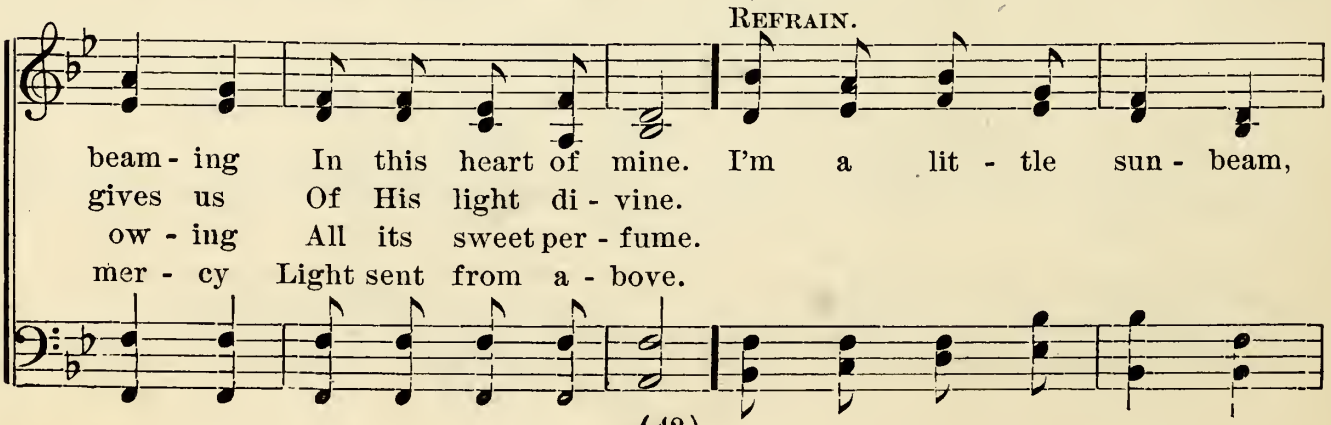
And when we girls are women
(We shall be by and by),
Who'll have a drinking husband?
Not I.

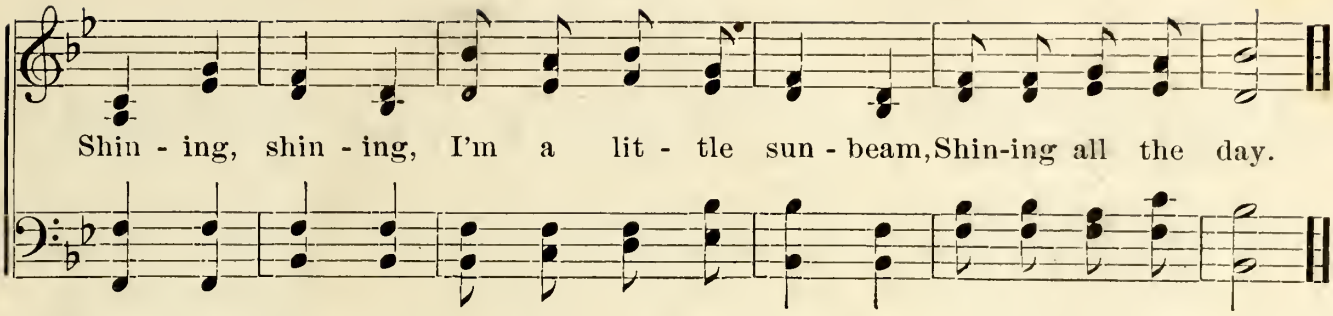
THE SUNBEAM.

"Arise, shine, for the light has come."

EMMA PITT. MAY CLIFTON.

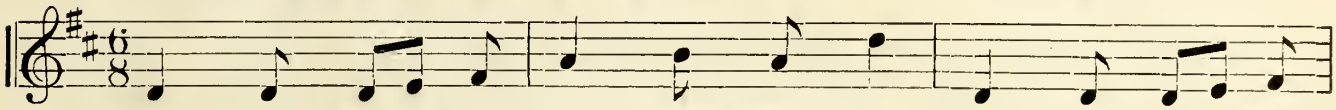




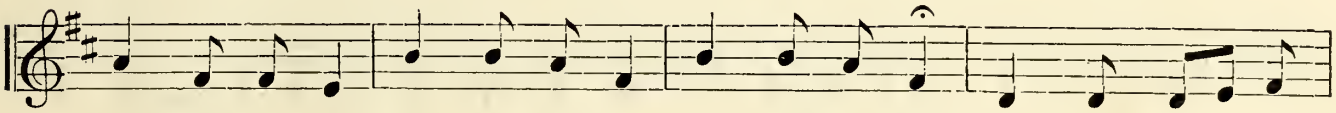


COLD WATER ARMY SONG.

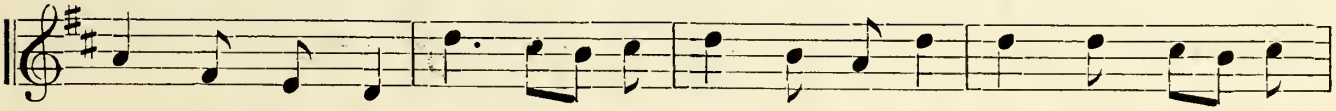
EMMA E. ORENDORFF. ABBIE NEWMAN.



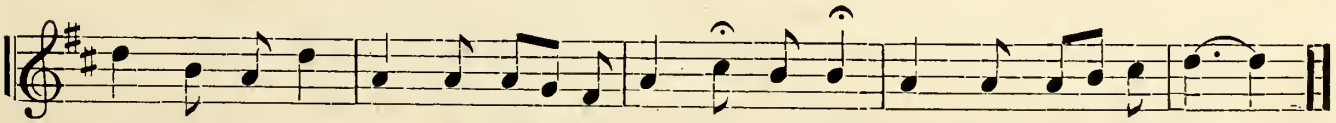
1. See the ban - ners wav - ing, wav - ing, Gold - en mot - toed,
2. Oh! the mus - ic is so thrill - ing, And the brave hearts
3. Jeho - vah help the war's be - gin - ning, Lo! the ene - my's



sav - ing, sav-ing, Hear the bu - gle call - ing, call-ing, They will save our
all so will-ing, See the ranks, how fast they're filling, Read - y all; we
ranks are thin-ning, Sa - tan runs, there'll be less sin-ning, Oh! the temperance



lov'd from fall - ing. Sing, sing, they're com-ing, com-ing; Hal - le - lu - jah,
must be drill - ing.
cause is win - ning.



com-ing, coming, Praise the Lord they're coming, coming, Glo - ry to the Lord.

FOR THE GATHERING BY AND BY.

"Come ye blessed of my Father."

ABBIE NEWMAN.

1. What can the chil-dren do? What can the chil-dren do? They can sow good seed, They can do good deeds, For the gath-'ring by and by, For the gath'ring by and by, For the gath-'ring by and by; They can sow good seed in the days of youth, For the gath-'ring by and by. .

2. What can the chil-dren do? What can the chil-dren do? They can sing His love, Sing the mighty love Of the Sav-iour who came to die, That the wand'ring one may be sav'd, That the wand'ring one may be sav'd; They will shine as stars in the Sav-iour's crown, In the gath-'ring by and by. .

3. What can the chil-dren do? What can the chil-dren do? They can learn His truth In the days of youth, They can work in the Sav-iour's field, For the gath'ring by and by, And the Sav-iour will sweet-ly say "Come ye bless-ed, come to your Fa-ther's home," In the gath-'ring by and by. .

OH, SEND THE BIBLE.

(MISSIONARY.)

"Lift up a standard for the people."

MRS. D. E. KNOWLES. C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Oh, send the Bi - ble out to all, It's bless - ing to each heart, To hush the storm - y pas - sions here, And peace, sweet peace im - part.
2. Oh, send the Bi - ble out to all, 'Tis Christ's di - vine com - mand, To preach the Gos - pel ev' - ry - where; Then give with gen' - rous hand.
3. Oh, send the Bi - ble out to all—The wea - ry cap - tive one, Who suf - fers 'neath the ty - rant's power, May know the pard'n - ing Son.

CHORUS.

Oh, send it out! oh, send it out! A - cross the dis - tant sea, Till hun - gry mil - lions shall re - ceive Its truth, so full and free.

From "Gospel Light."

THE CHILDREN PRAISING JESUS.

"Out of the mouths of babes — thou hast ordained praise."

EMMA PITT. EMMA PITT.

1. Down the col - umn of the a - ges Rolls a nev - er ceas - ing
2. Com - ing ear - ly in the king - dom Of our Lord and Sav - iour
4. Way up in the com - ing fu - ture Still shall swell the chil-dren's

song, 'Tis the chil - dren prais - ing Je - sus, What a hap - py joy - ous throng.
King, How it thrills the heart of Je - sus When He hears the chil-dren sing.
praise, For the ar - my's grow-ing stronger, And will grow till end of days.

CHORUS.

con anima.

O, how it will please the Sav - iour! Lit - tle chil-dren com - ing

f *rit.*

in, There will be in heaven re - joic - ing When the lit - tle ones come in.

WORK FOR ALL!

EMMA PITT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. { While walk-ing by the mos - sy bank I saw the rain - drop fall, I
But soon I saw an - oth - er come, With ma - ny, ma - ny more, And

wondered what one drop could do, So ti - ny and so small;
then the ground grew rich and moist From heav - en's boun - teous store. }

CHORUS.

So I may work for Je - sus, too, Tho' I am on - ly small; He'll

give me more and more to do, For He has work for all.

2 I saw the little brooklet glide
In ripples sweet and slow,
I lingered near its sunny side,
To see where it would go;
I could not watch it rivers make
Or join the ocean spray,
But still I know it rippled on,
And traveled ev'ry day.

3 I saw the busy, busy bee
Flit oft from flow'r to flow'r,
No store it had that I could see,
But still it worked each hour;
Oh, let us learn the simple truth,
And ever bear in mind
That ev'rything that God hath made.
Is useful in its kind.

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BEAUTIFUL CROWNS.

EMMA PITT. *"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown."* W. A. OGDEN.

SOLO.

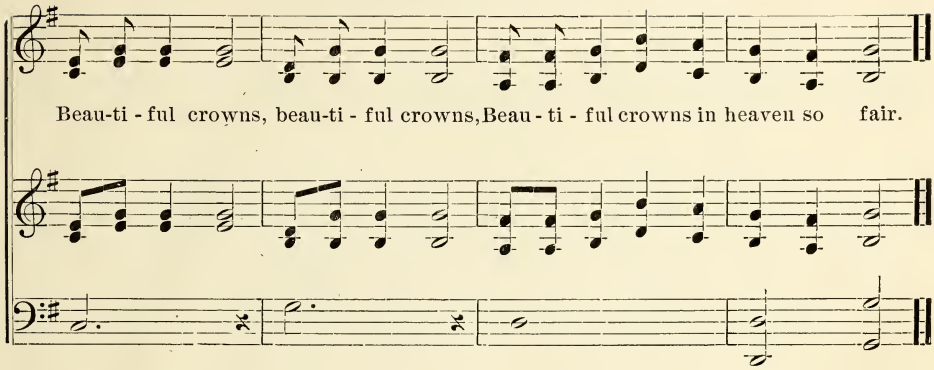
1. Beau-ti - ful crowns in heav'n we see, Beau-ti - ful crowns in heav'n for me,
2. Beau-ti - ful harps in yon - der fold, Wonder-ful mu - sic there, we're told,
3. Wonder - ful love for chil-dren there Beau-ti - ful robes that we shall wear,

Mer - ci - ful deeds all writ - ten down By the Saviour's hand to win my crown.
Bright is the home with gold - en streets, And they shall be press'd by children's feet.
Fair is the sky, the sun - ny land Where we all shall sing, a hap - py band.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful crowns, gold - en crowns, Beau-ti - ful crowns that we may wear,

BEAUTIFUL CROWNS.



RECITATION.

"I am learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;
"I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;
I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,
And mamma says the way I work it will not take me long.
It's over and over — do *you* know
How over-and-over stitches go?

"My papa, he's a great big man, as much as six feet high;
He's more than forty, and his hair has gray mixed with the black;
Well, *he* can't sew! he can't *begin* to sew as well as I.
If he loses off a button, mamma has to set it back!
You must n't think me proud, you know,
But I am seven, and *I* can sew!"

RECITATION.

O, what can little hands do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery:
Such grace to mine be given.

O, what can little lips do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say;
Such grace to mine be given.

THE PANSY'S FAITH.

"Shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

E. E. REXFORD. MAY CLIFTON.

1. Sweet lit - tle pan - sy, The win - ter is near; What will you do when the
2. Birds seek the wood-land, But here you must stay, Poor lit - tle pan-sy! And
3. God will care for me, So I'm not a - fraid; Brave - ly the pan-sy Smil'd

deep snow is here? "God will care for me, So I'm not a - fraid,"
wait for the May. "Un - der the dead leaves And grass I will creep,"
at me and said, "When spring-time com - eth, With warm A - pril rain,

CHORUS.

Brave - ly the pan - sy smil'd at me and said. Dear lit - tle blos-som, I'll
Answered the pan - sy, "All win - ter to sleep."
I will a - wak - en And greet you a - gain."

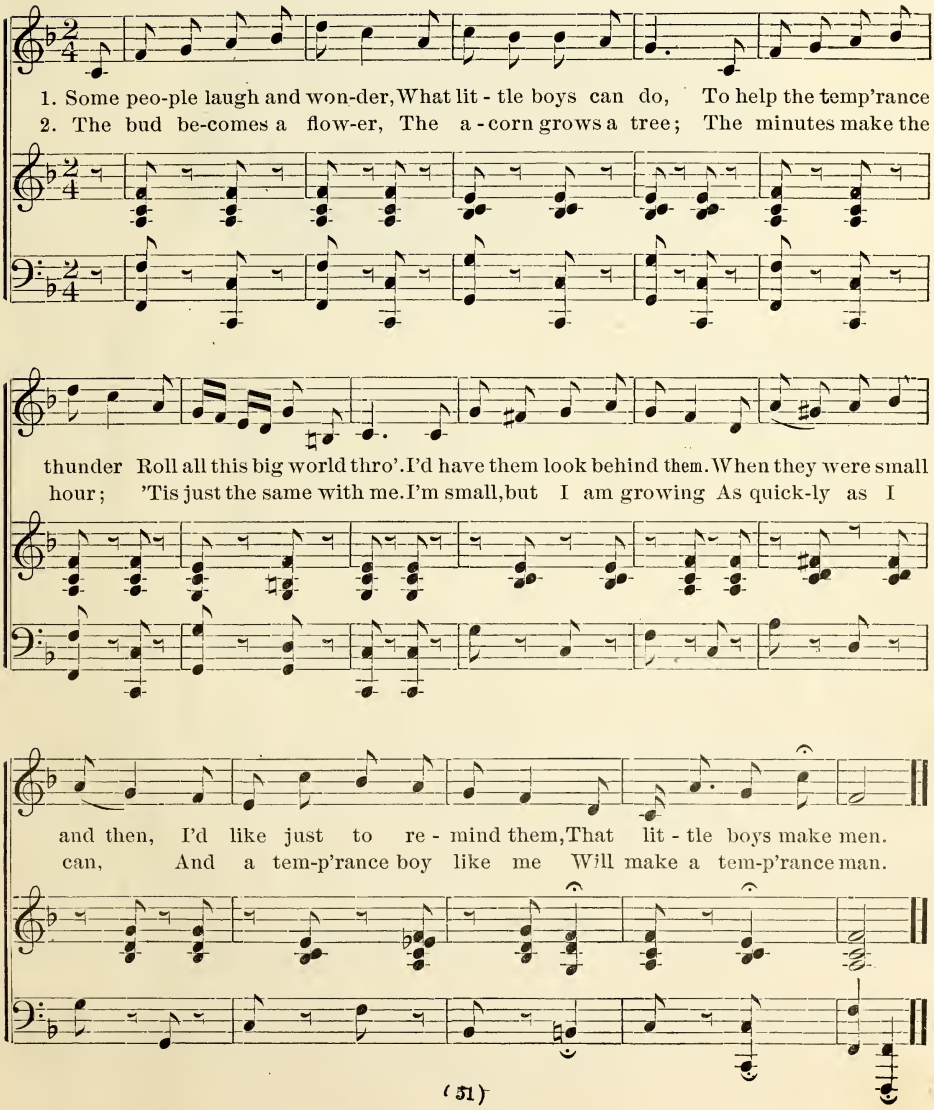
trust Him like thee, If He cares for a pan - sy, He'll take care of me.

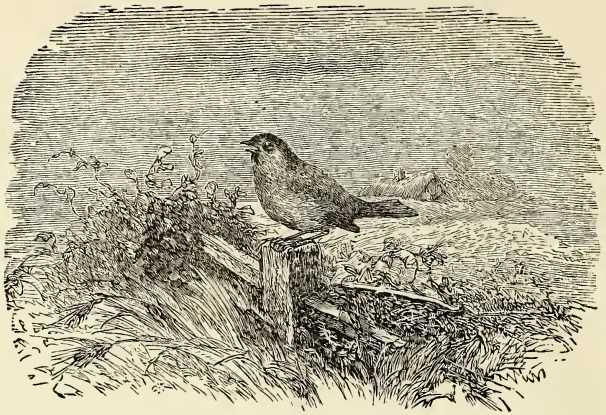
A TEMPERANCE BOY.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red."

* * * *

LEE G. KRATZ.





LITTLE BIRDIE.*

* * * in "Songs for All." CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Spirited.

1. Hap - py lit - tle bir - die, Sing - ing in the tree,
2. When the storms of win - ter Drive you from my door,
3. "Je - sus is my keep - er, He di - rects my way,

Tell me why you al - ways Are so blithe and free; Do you ev - er sor - row?
Who is it that guides you To a warm-er shore? Thro' the path - less heav - en's,
Taught me how to war - ble All the sum-mer day." This the bir - die told me,

Do you know a care? Sing - ing thus so glad - ly, As you mount the air.
Who points out the way, Who is it that keeps you Ai- ways glad and gay?
As it mount-ed high, Sing-ing loud in glad - ness, Thro' the a - zure sky.

* From the "Tribute of Praise," by per.

WE ARE COMING.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EMMA PITT.

1. We are com - ing, glad - ly com - ing, Com - ing with our songs of glee, With our cheer-ful songs we greet Thee On our hap - py Ju - bi - lee.
2. We are com - ing, glad - ly com - ing, Come to bring our troph - ies won, 'Tis our off - 'ring free - ly giv - en, Gems to deck the Sa - viour's crown.
3. We are com - ing, glad - ly com - ing, Guid - ed by His bless - ed truth, Come to yield our hearts and fol - low On to know Him in our youth.
4. We are com - ing, glad - ly com - ing, Gifts of love and praise we bring, Come to sing our sweet ho - san - nas, Glo - ry be to God our King.

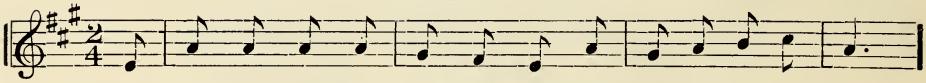
CHORUS.

Com-ing with our songs of prais - es And our in - fant hom - age bring, Com - ing with pure heart's de-vo-tion, Come to crown the Sa - viour King.

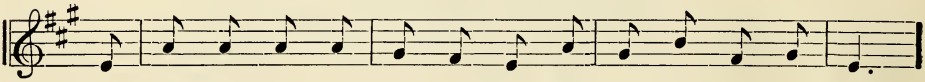
THE BEST DAY OF THE WEEK.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

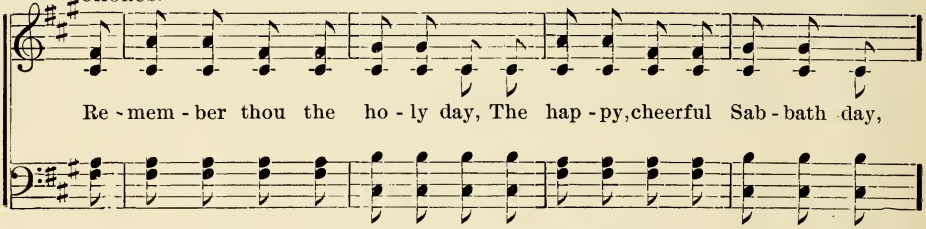


1. We dear - ly love the Sab - bath morn, The best day of the week,
2. 'Tis then we love to meet with those Who sing sweet songs of praise,
3. Re - mem'- ber then the Sab - bath day, In all things watchful be,

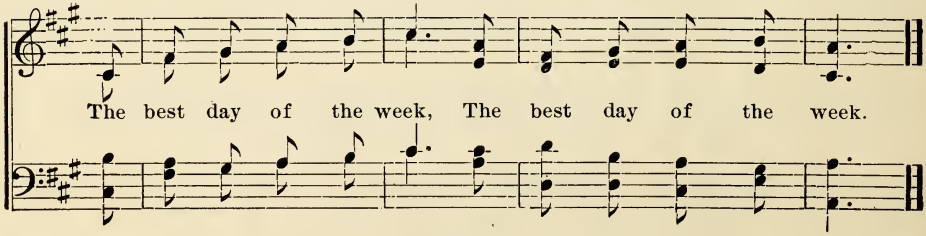


With smil - ing fa - ces then we go Thy house, dear Lord, to seek.
And learn of Je - sus, our best friend, Whose love shall crown our days.
Guard well the heart and ac - tions too, From world - ly tho'ts keep free.

CHORUS.



Re - mem - ber thou the ho - ly day, The hap - py, cheerful Sab - bath day,



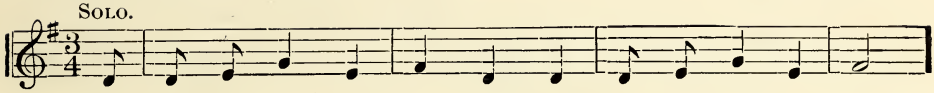
The best day of the week, The best day of the week.

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

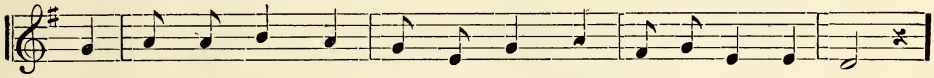
"Work while it is called to-day."

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

SOLO.

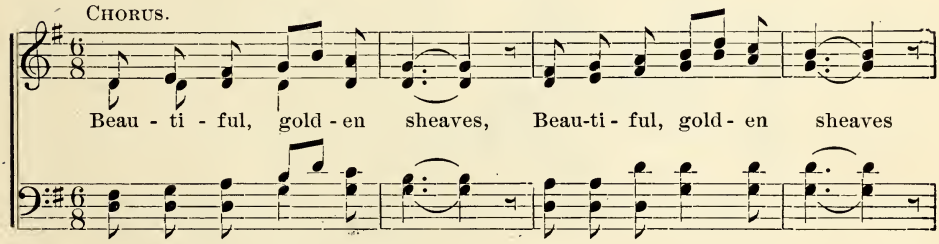


1. I know that oft I wan - der, And oft my spir - it grieves,
2. While life is bright and sun - ny, Now in the days of youth,
3. We sow the seed in spring - time, And then the sum - mer rain

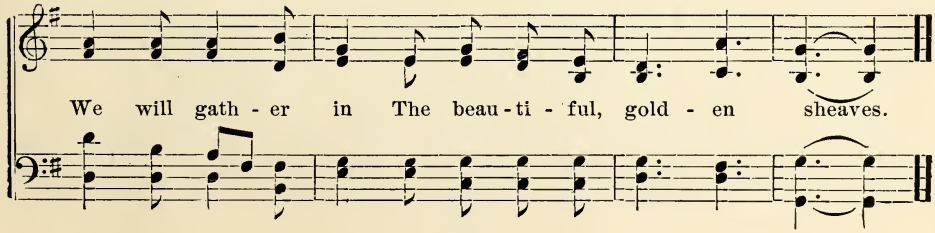


Yet still I know the Sav - iour loves The small-est children's sheaves.
We'll ear - ly seek to gath - er in The gems of bless - ed truth.
Will make the glo - rious har - vest time To yield us gold - en grain.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful, gold - en sheaves, Beau-ti - ful, gold - en sheaves



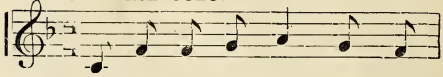
We will gath - er in The beau - ti - ful, gold - en sheaves.

HELP TO THE HELPLESS.

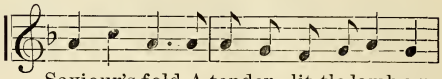
"He shall gather the lambs with his arms."

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

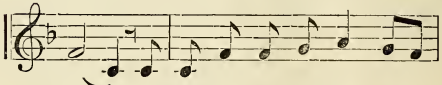
1ST VERSE SOLO.



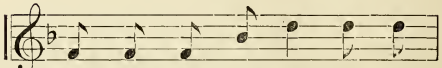
1. I'm a lit - tle lamb of the
2. Much we need His care, need His
3. We are chil-dren dear of the



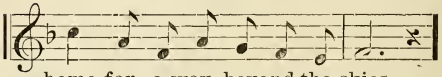
Saviour's fold, A tender lit-tle lamb am
ten-der care, To keep us ev - er from all
might-y King, Such needy lit-tle children



I, He watches me by day and
harm, But He is ver - y near us,
we, But we will trust in Him, we'll

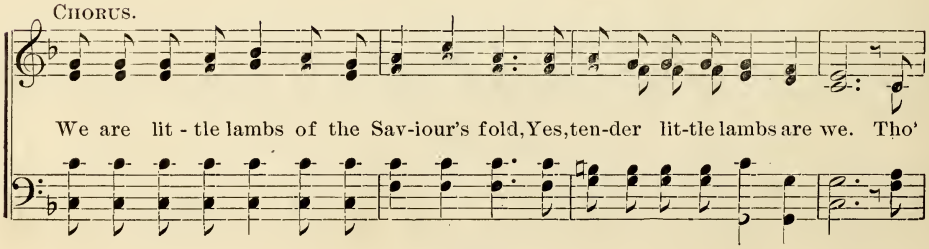


guards me thro' the night, From His
He is ver - y near And He
ev - er trust in Him, Then so

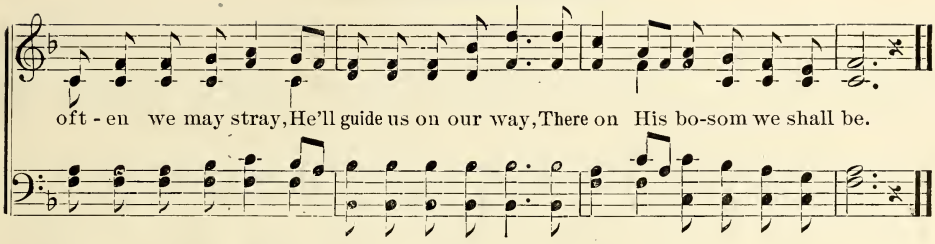


home far a-way beyond the skies.
holds, ev - er holds us with His arm.
hap - py, ev - er hap-py will be.

CHORUS.

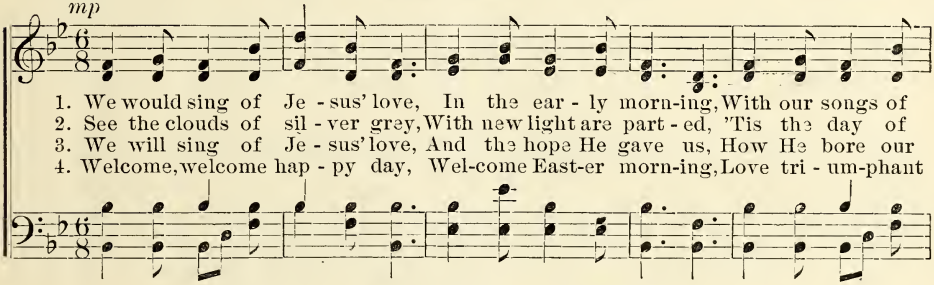


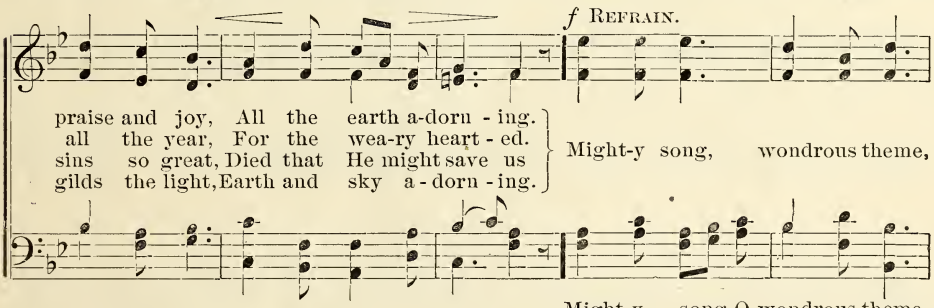
We are lit - tle lambs of the Sav-iour's fold, Yes, ten-der lit-tle lambs are we. Tho'

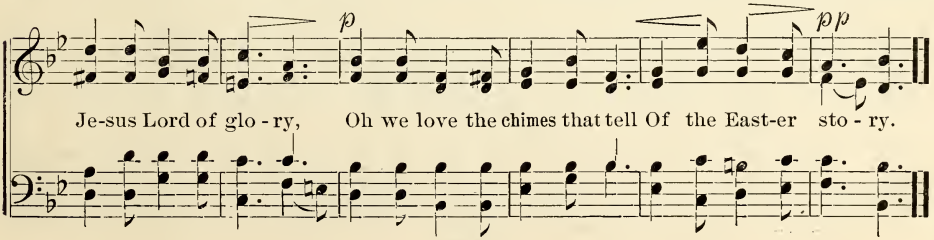


WELCOME HAPPY DAY.

EMMA PITT. *"Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."* H. W. PORTER.







BANNER BEARERS.

"In the name of our God we have set up our banners."

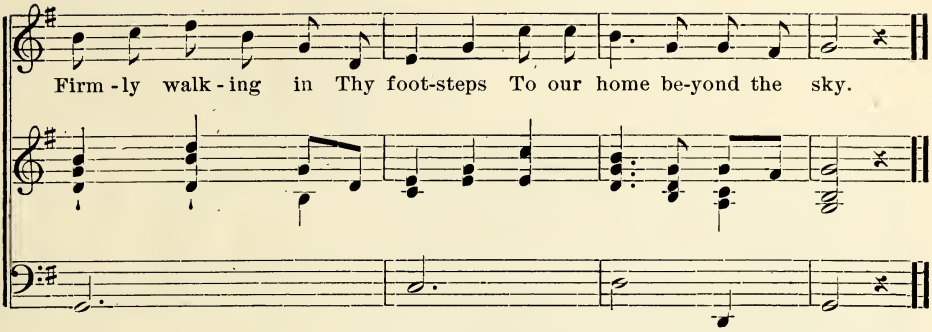
EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Ear-nest, faith-ful ban-ner bear-ers, Sav-iour let us tru-ly be,
2. Sav-iour, make us standard bear-ers, Ear-ly in the days of youth;
3. Truthful in the path of liv-ing, Ear-nest in Thy ho-ly way,

Work-ing ev-er for the King-dom, For the truth that makes us free.
Make us work-ers in Thy vine-yard, Sow-ing well the seeds of truth.
Work-ing while the sun is shin-ing, Work-ing while 'tis called to-day.

CHORUS.

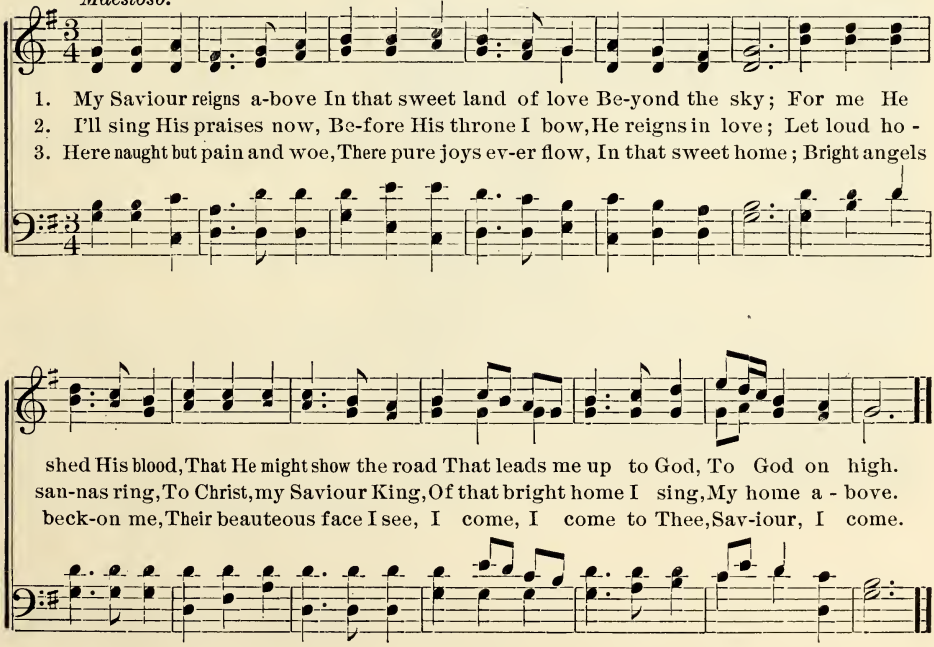
We are Je-sus' ban-ner bear-ers, Hold-ing up the standard high,



MY SAVIOUR REIGNS.

E. P. TUNE,—AMERICA.

Maestoso.



CONSIDER YE THE LILIES.

" They toil not, neither do they spin."

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Consider ye the lilies, Con-
2. Consider ye the lilies, They
3. Consider ye the lilies, They

tented in their lot, They grow in modest
speak the Saviour's care; In quiet nooks He
toil not, neither spin; Array'd in glorious

places, and grace each humble spot.
gives them The whitest robes to wear.
beauty, No King could riv-al them.

CONSIDER YE THE LILIES.

CHORUS.

1 & 2. How the Sav - iour loved them, Lil - ies of the val - ley.
3. Mod - est ten - der lil - ies, Snow-white love - ly lil - ies.

Make us, Sav - iour, like them, spot - less Lil - ies of the val - ley.
Je - sus loved them while on earth, He Loved the snow - y lil - lies.

HE IS VERY NEAR.

"A present help in time of need."

Legato e piano.

1. Oh, 'tis not far to Je - sus' love, He's ev - er by thy side to hear;
2. No, 'tis not far to Je - sus' love, But seek and you shall sure - ly find
3. Oh, 'tis not far to Je - sus' love, On - ly seek His face in prayer,

Life, peace, and joy are His to give, He is not far, but ver - y near.
A Sav-iour who is full of help, A Sav-iour who is ev - er kind.
He will ev - 'ry fear re-move, For He is here and ev - 'ry - where.

ONLY A SINGLE PENNY.

"Do good as ye have opportunity unto all men.

EMMA PITT. A. B. BRAGDON.

1. On - ly a sin - gle pen - ny, 'Tis all I have to give, But yet, when more are add - ed, 'T will help some one to live.
2. On - ly a sin - gle pen - ny, Sav'd from a slen - der store, Will tru - ly be ac - cept - ed, If we can give no more.
3. On - ly a sin - gle pen - ny, Yet now with com-fort sweet, Fear- ing no scorn we lay it Down at the Sa - viour's feet.

CHORUS.

On - ly the lit - tle pen - nies, Drop - ping one by one, Gath - er them in the gar - ner, Till Christ's king- dom's won.

LITTLE LAMBS.

"Feed my lambs."

EMMA PITT. A. B. BRAGDON.

1. Lit - tle help - less lambs are we, Yet Thine own we long to be;
2. Sav-iour, guard us ev - 'ry day, Lest from Thy dear fold we stray;
3. Near - er we would draw to Thee, By Thy side we love to be;

In Thy arms, dear Sav - iour, hold; Lest we wan - der from the fold.
Let us in Thy love a - bide, Keep us, Sav - iour, near Thy side.
Trust-ing more of Thee to know, For, dear Lord, we need Thee so.

CHORUS.

Lit - tle help - less lambs are we, Rest - ing, trust - ing but in Thee,

In Thy ten - der bos - om bear For we long Thy love to share.

MORNING PRAYER.

REV. J. B. BALTZLY. LEE G. KRATZ.

1. When I, dear Lord, a - rise from sleep, Each day my heart from e - vil keep,
2. But should I die a - long its way, A - mid the la - bors of the day,
3. And hum-bly ask of Thee, to lend Me wings of an - gels, to as - cend

On me Thy guard- ian spir - it send, To lead me safe - ly to its end.
And all the scenes that it at - tend, To Thee my Spir - it I commend.
To Thee, in Par - a - dise to - day; And this in Je - sus name I pray.

EVENING PRAYER.

REV. J. B. BALTZLY. LEE G. KRATZ.

1. When I, dear Lord, my work have done, And I my dai - ly course have run,
2. But should I die this ver - y night, And fail to see the morn - ing light,
3. "I pray Thee Lord my soul to take," And keep it safe till I a - wake

When eve - ning shad-ows round me close, O Saviour grant me sweet re - pose.
Not en - ter on an - oth - er day, With all its la - bors, mirth and play;
In glo - ry on the last great day; And this for Je - sus' sake I pray.

37
10
7

EMMA PITT,
PUBLISHER OF
Sunday School Music,
CHRISTMAS and EASTER CAROLS,
631 N. CAREY ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.